**Sonnet 1**

A woman's face with nature's own hand painted,Hast thou, the master mistress of my passion;A woman's gentle heart, but not acquaintedWith shifting change, as is false women's fashion:An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;A man in hue all hues in his controlling,Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.And for a woman wert thou first created;Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,And by addition me of thee defeated,By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

**Sonnet 2**

She ruled in beauty o'er this heart of mine,

A noble lady in a humble home,

And now her time for heavenly bliss has come,

'Tis I am mortal proved, and she divine.

The soul that all its blessings must resign,

And love whose light no more on earth finds room,

Might rend the rocks with pity for their doom,

Yet none their sorrows can in words enshrine;

They weep within my heart; and ears are deaf

Save mine alone, and I am crushed with care,

And naught remains to me save mournful breath.

Assuredly but dust and shade we are,

Assuredly desire is blind and brief,

Assuredly its hope but ends in death.